Againſt my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand foorth Demetrius.
My noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand foorth Lyſander.
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitcht the boſome of my childe:
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:
Thou haſt by moone-light at her window ſung,
With faining voice, verſes of faining loue,
And ſtolne the impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegaies, ſweet meates (meſſengers
Of ſtrong preuailement in vnhardened youth)
With cunning haſt thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to me)
To ſtubborne harſhneſſe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your Grace,
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of *Athens*;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her;
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law,
Immediatly prouided in that caſe.

The. What ſay you *Hermia*? be aduis'd, faire maid,
To you your father ſhoud be as a God:
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one,
To whom you are but as a forme in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or diſfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lyſander*. *The.* In himſelfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her.